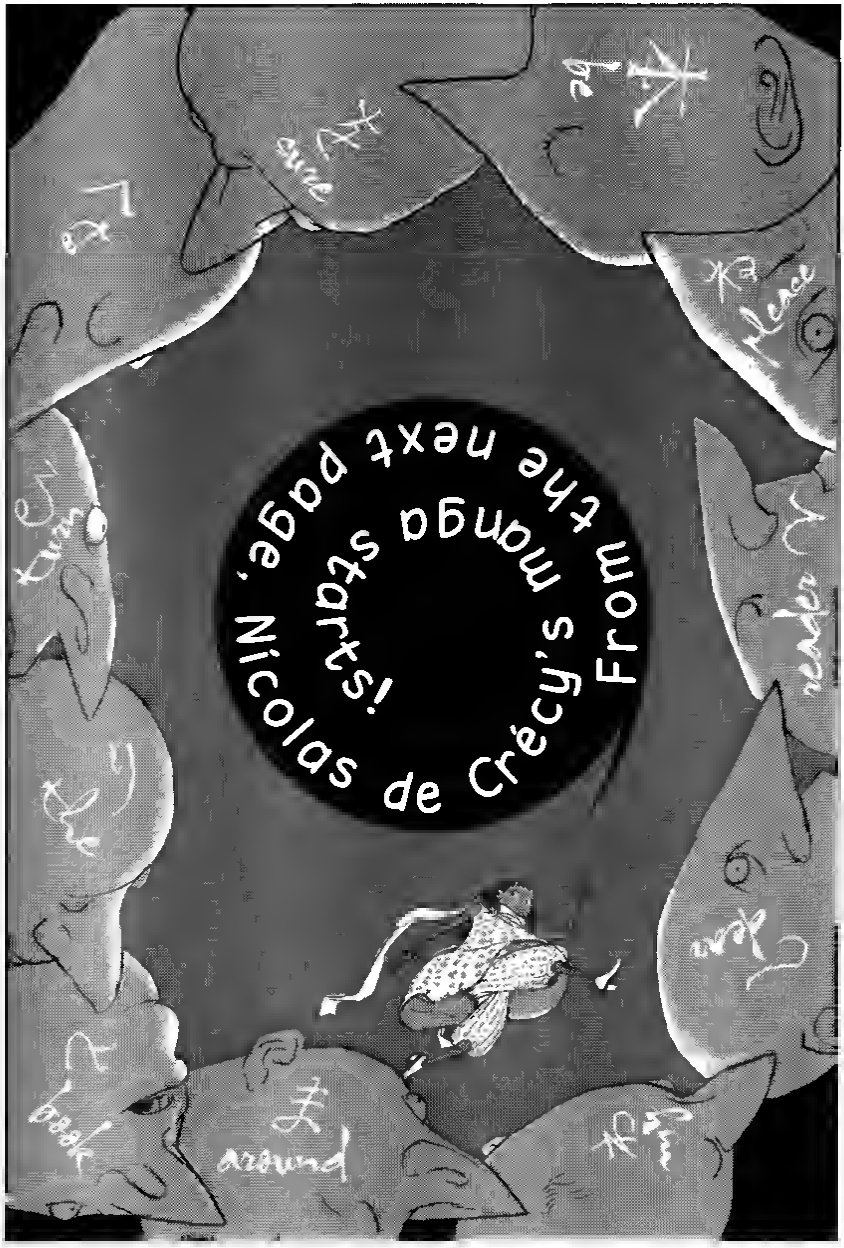
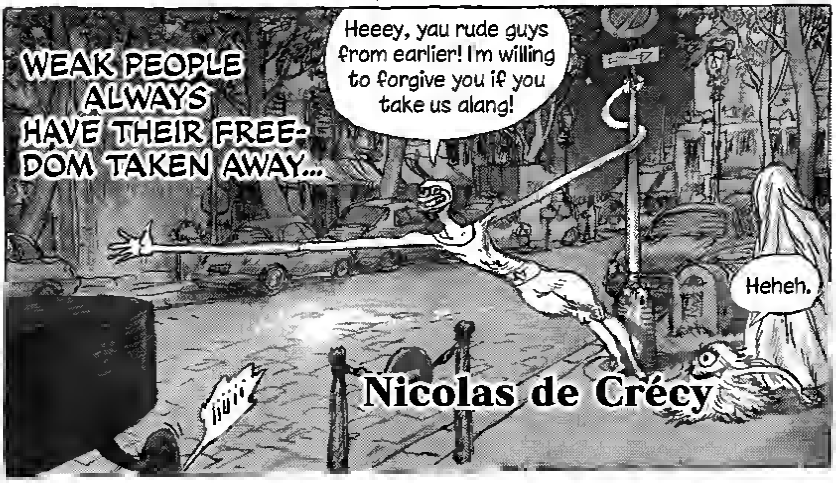
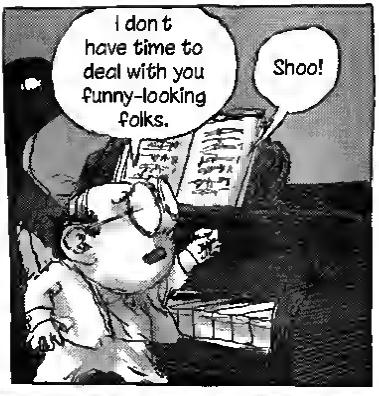
プロレス
Republic of Pro-Wrestling
狂想曲
ch.1
Presented by Breading Bad Scans
TRANSLATION: Zera
EDITING: Otafreek

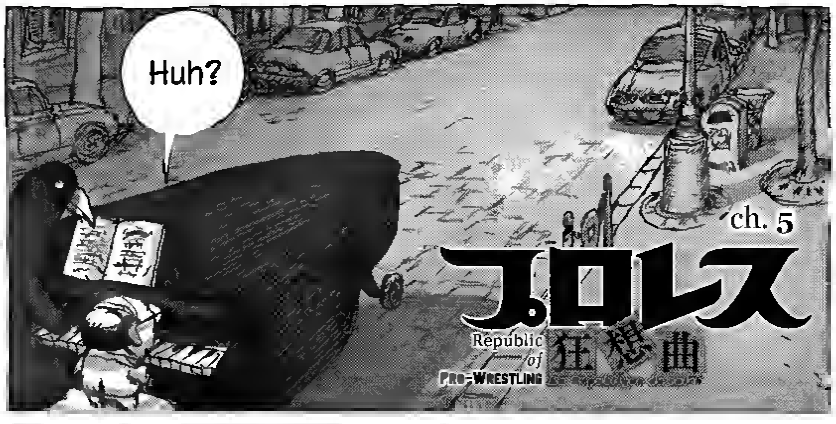
From here on the bande déssinée (French comic) starts.
This month's illustration was done by ***Tadahiro Uesugi***

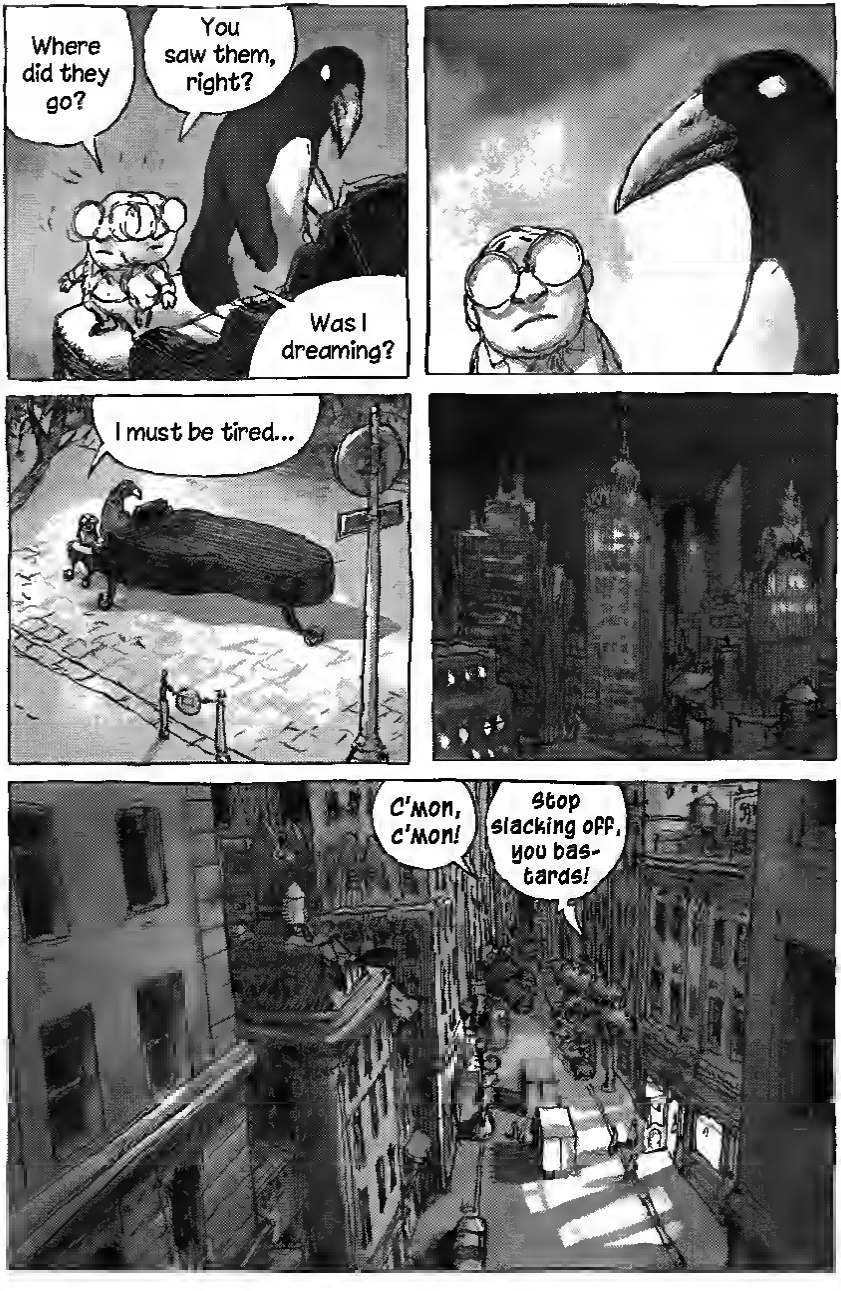


Even though they went full speed... Did the monsters teleport?

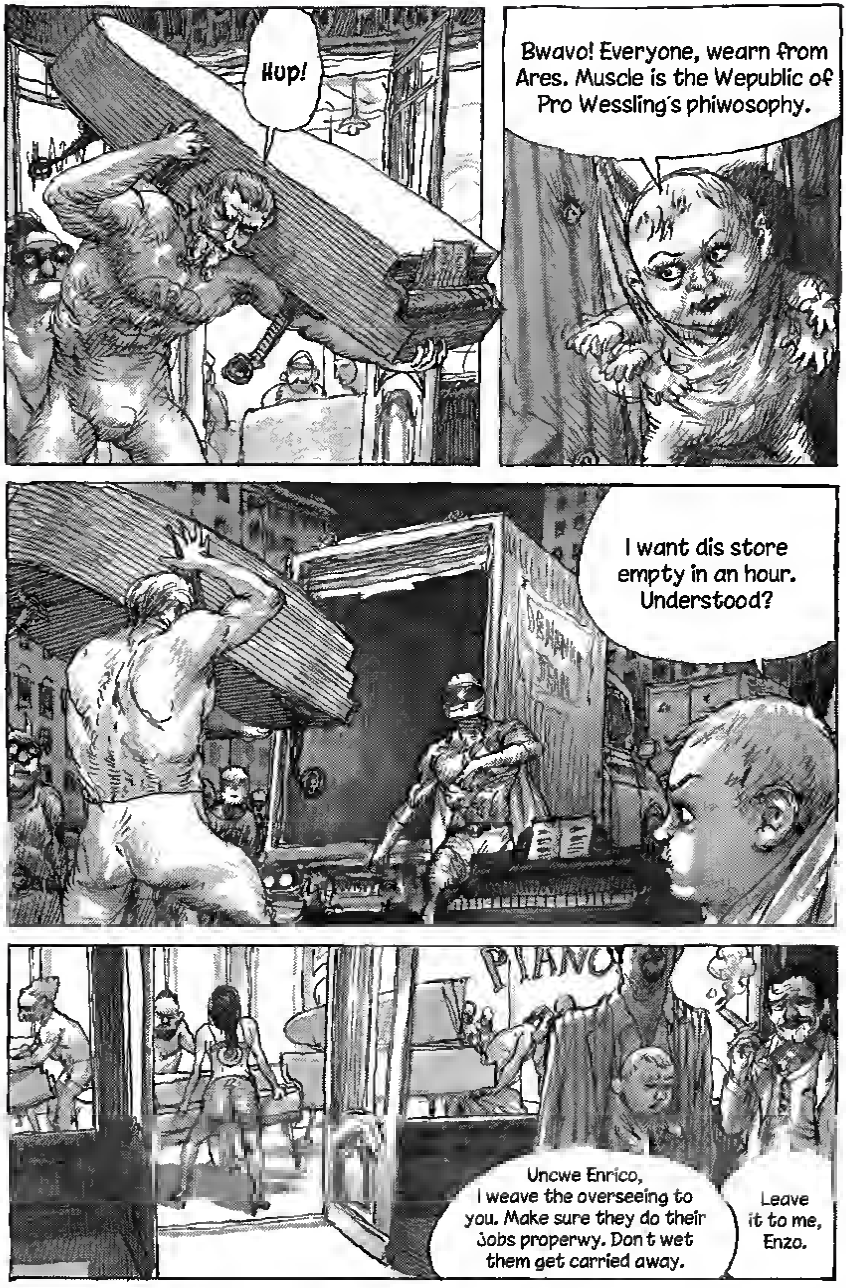

WEAK PEOPLE ALWAYS HAVE THEIR FREEDOM TAKEN AWAY...
Heeey, you rude guys from earlier! I'm willing to forgive you if you take us along!
Heheh.
Nicolas de Crécy

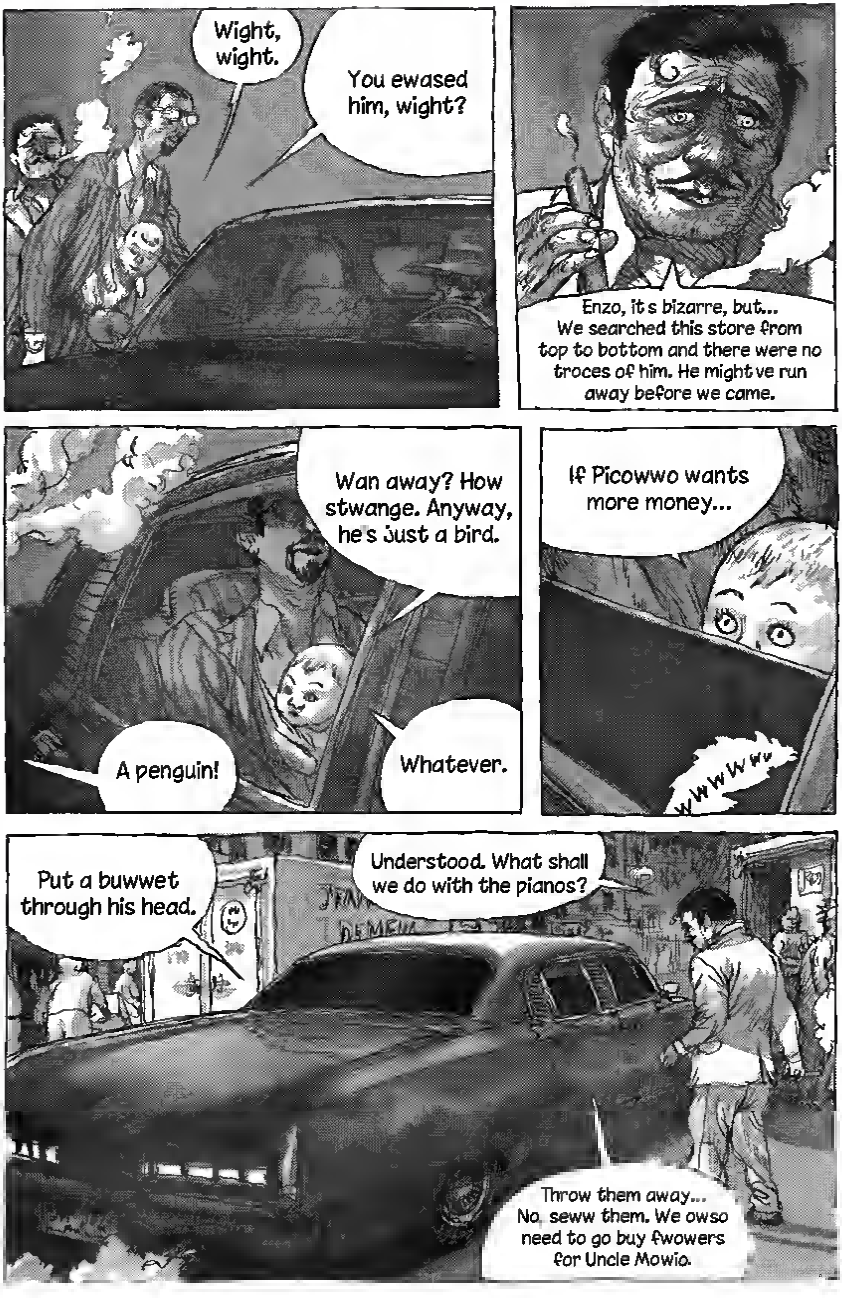


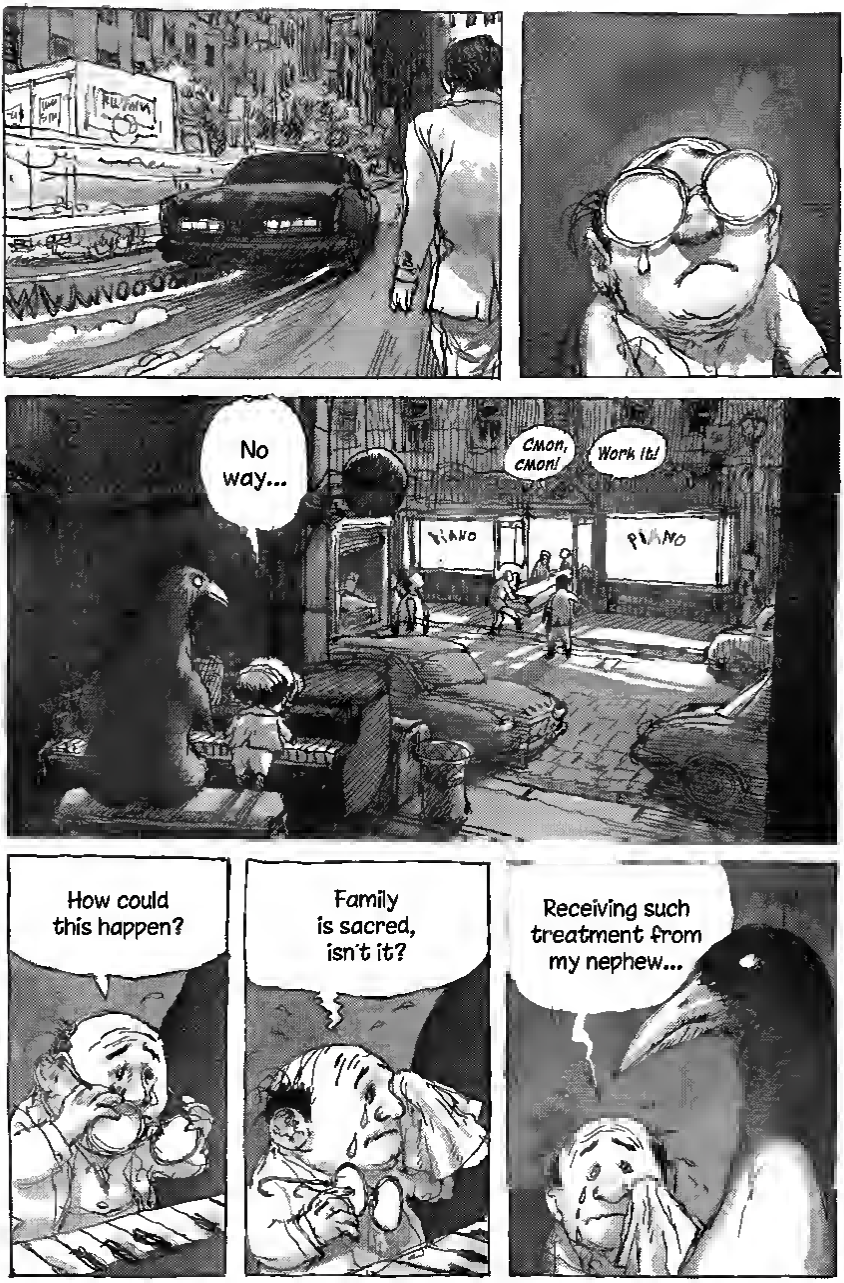


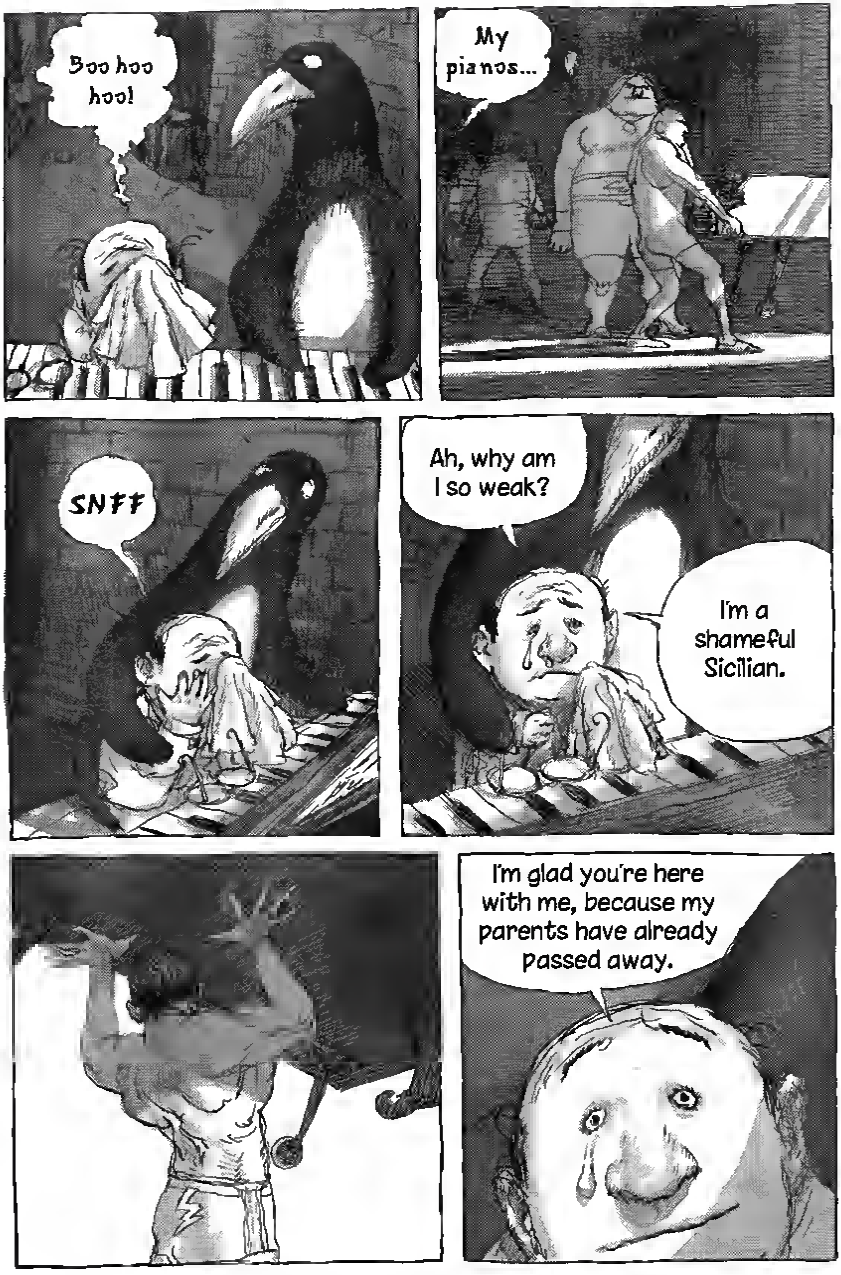

Where did they go?
You saw them, right?
Was I dreaming?
I must be tired...
C'mon, c'mon!
Stop slacking off, you bastards!

Guh!
W-wait, please. M-My back...
So undisci-pwined. Where is Ares?
Ares!
Ouch...
Sorry boss...
I was training.
Wies.
You were pwobably talking to a woman on the phone. What a bad habit.
Lets move, shrimps!
My bad, Ares.

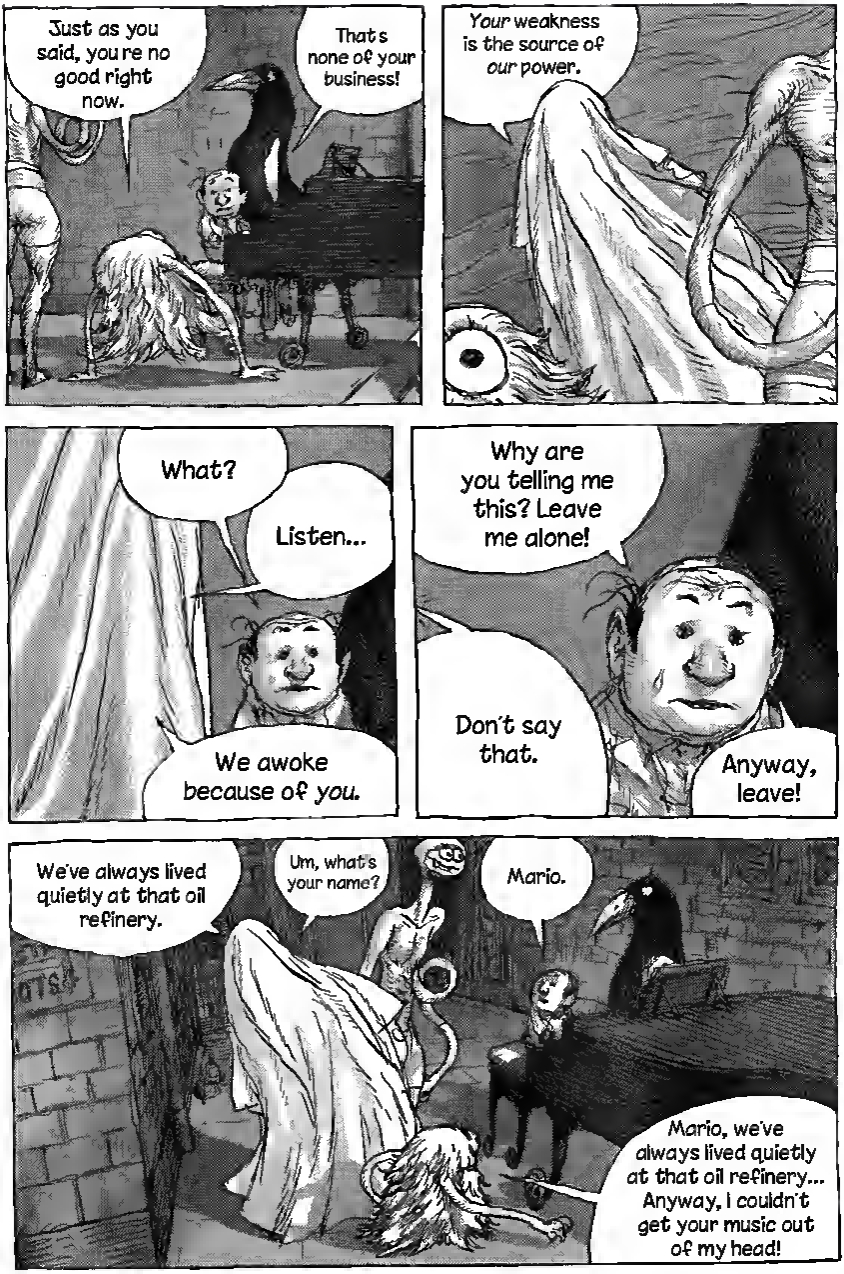

Hup!
Bwavo! Everyone, wearn from Ares. Muscle is the Wepublic of Pro Wessling's phiwosophy.
I want dis store empty in an hour. Understood?
PIANO
Uncwe Enrico, I weave the overseeing to you. Make sure they do their jobs properwy. Don't wet them get carried away.
Leave it to me, Enzo.

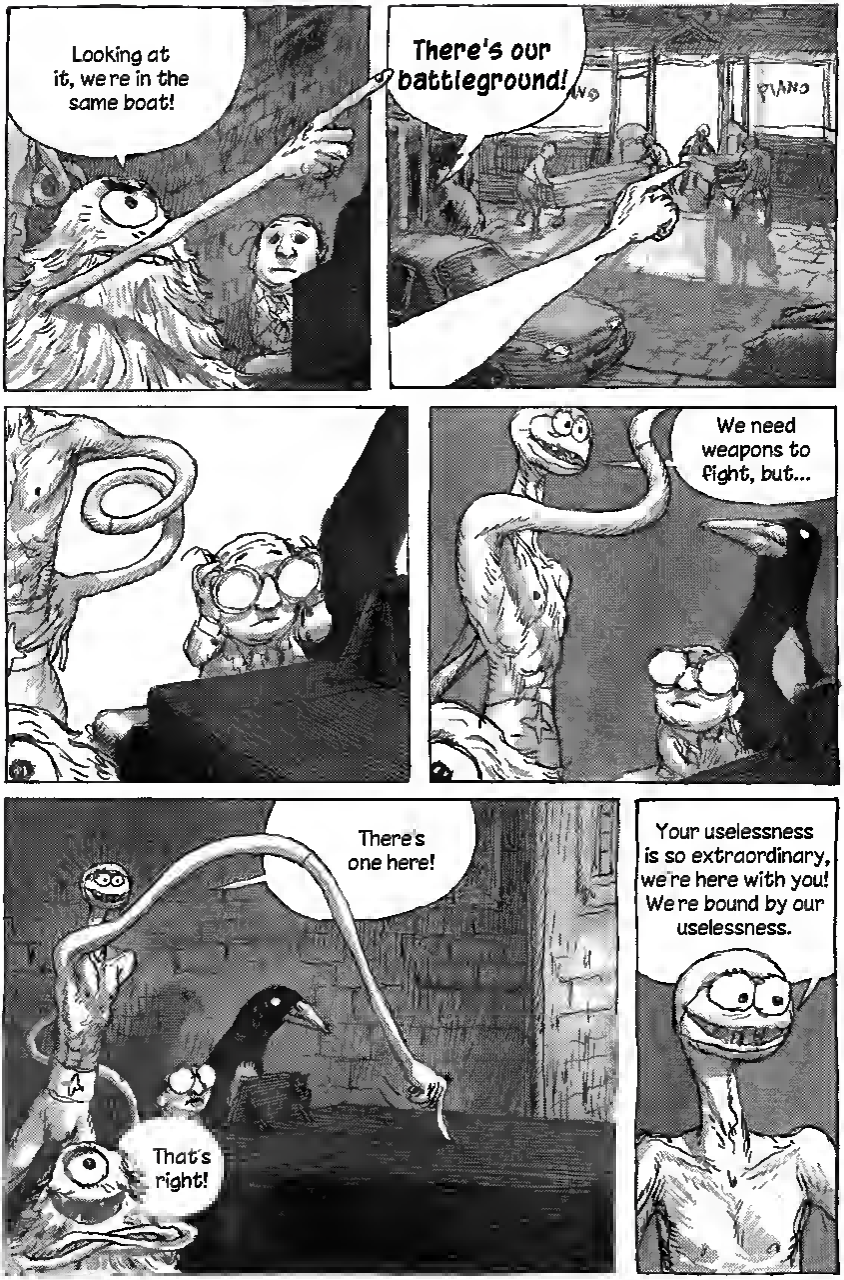

Wight, wight.
You ewased him, wight?
Enzo, it's bizarre, but... We searched this store from top to bottom and there were no troces of him. He might've run away before we came.
Wan away? How stwange. Anyway, he's just a bird.
A penguin!
Whatever.
If Picowwo wants more money...
WWWWW
Put a buwwet through his head.
Understood. What shall we do with the pianos?
Throw them away... No, seww them. We owso need to go buy fwowers for Uncle Mowio.

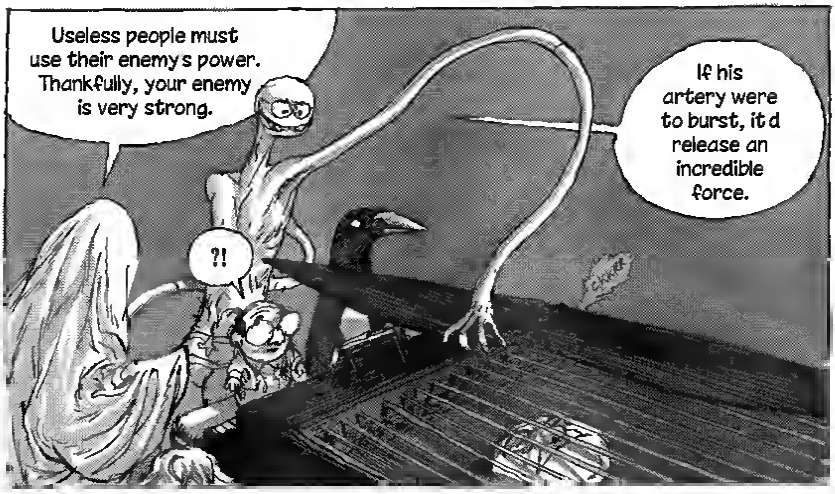

No way...
Cmon, cmon!
Work it!
PIANO
PIANO
How could this happen?
Family is sacred, isn't it?
Receiving such treatment from my nephew...

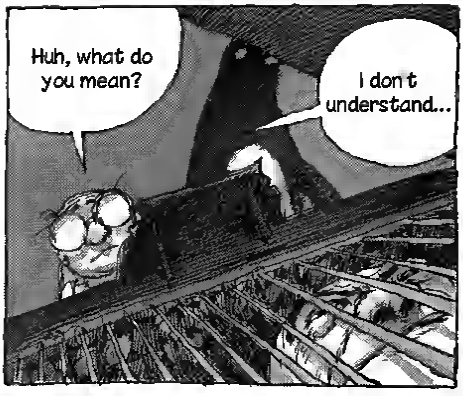

Boo hoo hoo!
My pianos...
SNFF
Ah, why am I so weak?
I'm a shameful Sicilian.
I'm glad you're here with me, because my parents have already passed away.

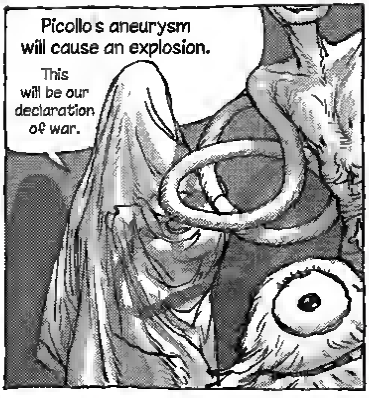
The piano store my parents left me... He took it from me.
Why?
Why did this happen? What about family?
This goes against Sicilian tradition.
I don't have any place in the famiglia anymore. It's over for me.
There is no way I can impress Bernice now. I'll die a virgin.
Isn't there something else you should be worrying about?
AHHH!
Heheh!
You again!
That's right!

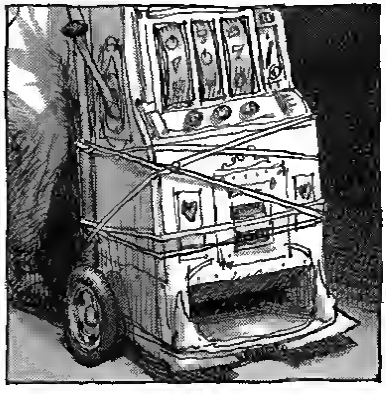

Just as you said, you're no good right now.
That's none of your business!
Your weakness is the source of *our* power.
What?
Listen...
We awoke because of *you*.
Why are you telling me this? Leave me alone!
Don't say that.
Anyway, leave!
We've always lived quietly at that oil refinery.
Um, what's your name?
Mario.
Mario, we've always lived quietly at that oil refinery... Anyway, I couldn't get your music out of my head!


Looking at it, we're in the same boat!
There's our battleground!
We need weapons to fight, but...
There's one here!
That's right!
Your uselessness is so extraordinary, we're here with you! We're bound by our uselessness.


Useless people must use their enemy's power. Thankfully, your enemy is very strong.
?!
If his artery were to burst, it'd release an incredible force.

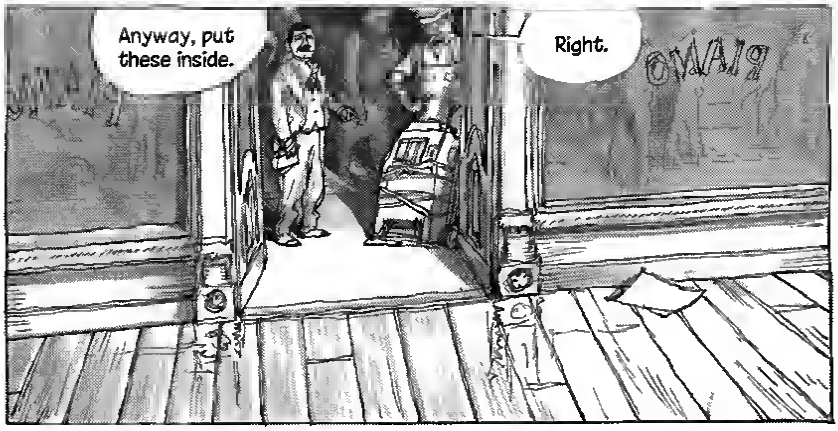

Huh, what do you mean?
I don't understand...

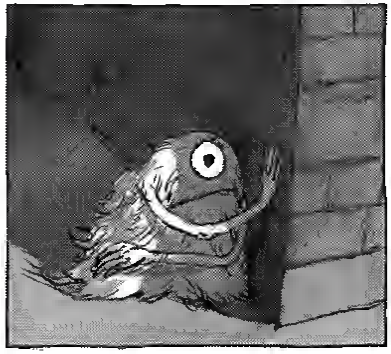

Picollo's aneurysm will cause an explosion.
This will be our declaration of war.

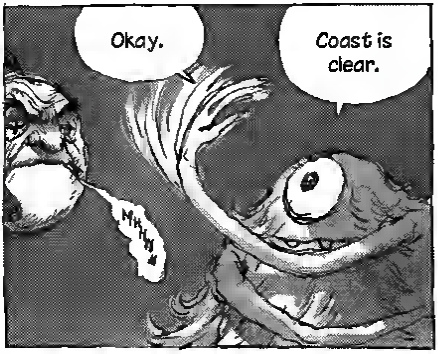


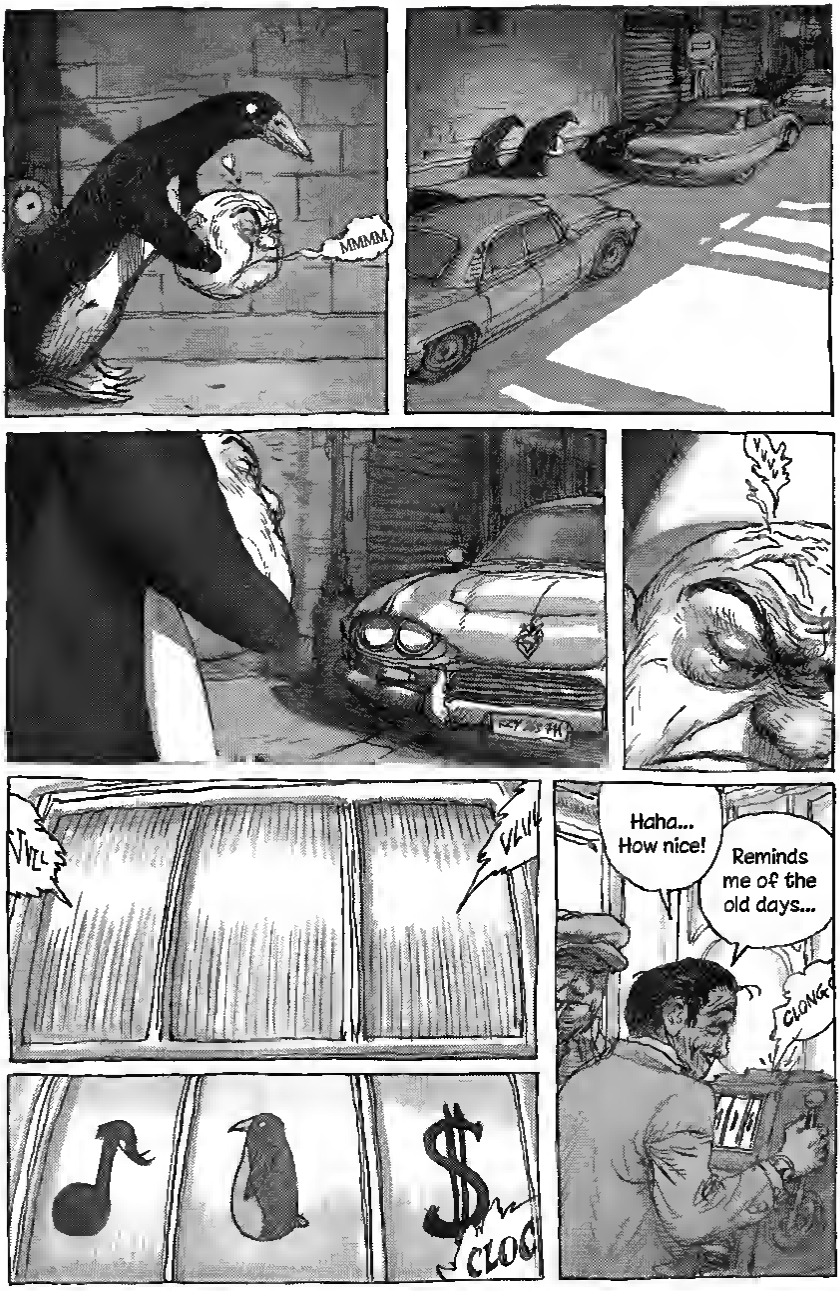
Scuse me...
Where should I put the slot machine?
Ah, it's finally here!

We'll take payment in cash. There are 20 machines in that truck, but we're going to need some manpower. Could I borrow some of your men?
Do as you wish. I'll settle the payment.


Anyway, put these inside.
Right.




Okay.
Coast is clear.

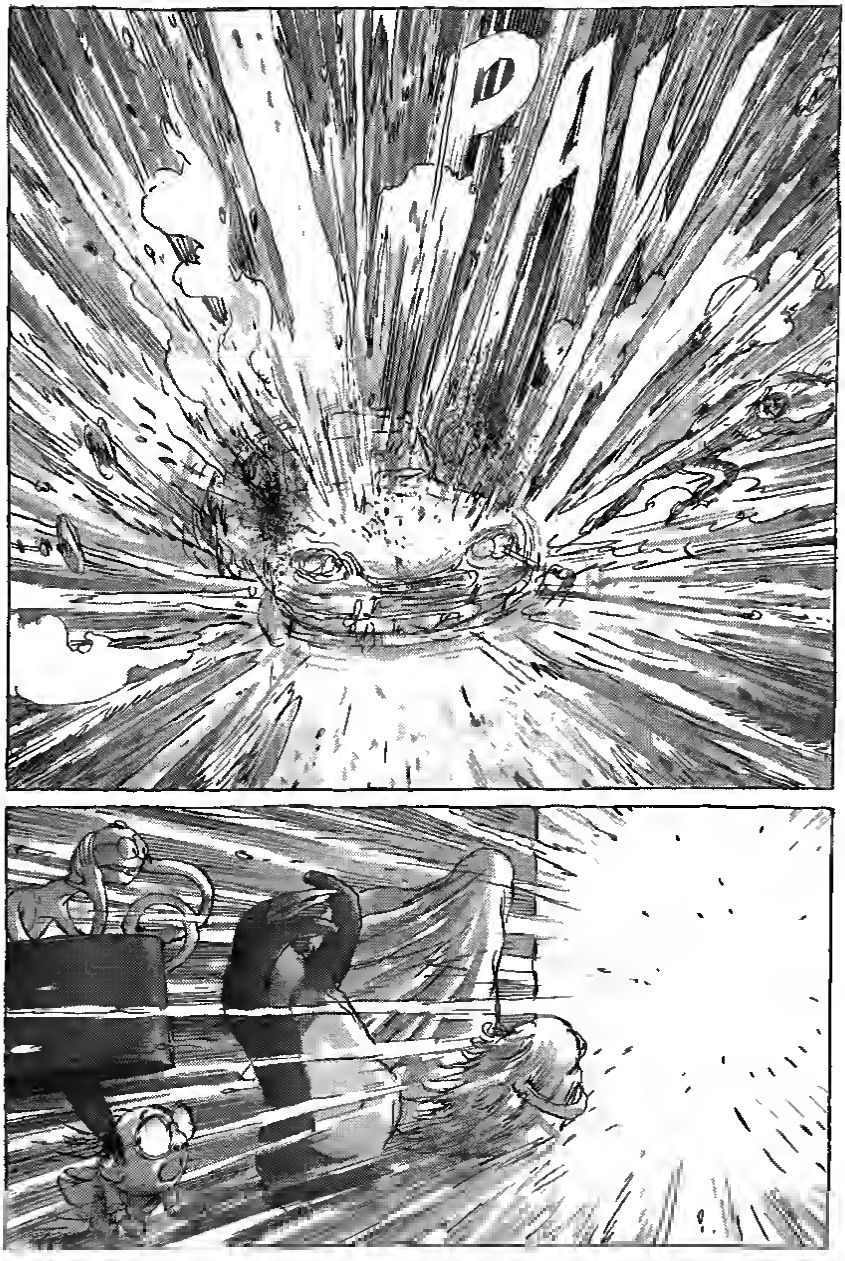

MMMM
Haha... How nice!
Reminds me of the old days...
CLONG!
$
CLOC

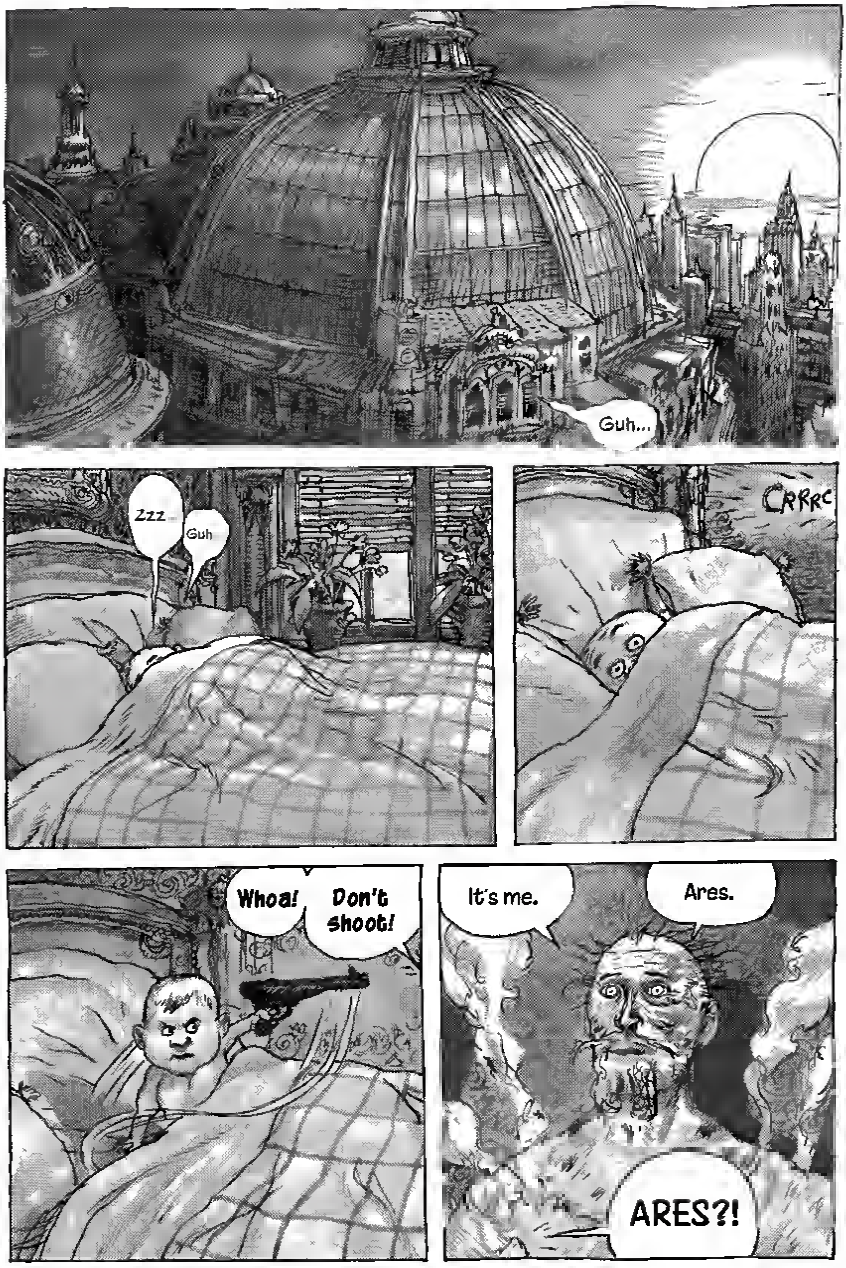
But back in the day, I won. I wonder why I can't win now... Haha... Oy, Ares, go give him one third of the payment due.
Huh? One third?! Hey now...
Is one third not satisfying enough?
Don't make a fuss. The remainder will be transferred in 6 months.
Okay...
HMMM
CLICK

Hey!
Over here!
PIANO
Well done!
Good Job!
Doesn't matter that he's an animal, huh?
He's reliable too!
How is it? Good, eh?
Better than pianos...
...is game machines.

Well, we'll be ready soon. Phew, how tiring.
I'm too old for overtime work.
We should remove this old lettering.
With that, Mario's era will be over for good! Ha ha ha!
Alright, you guys, let's go home and rest.
Ares, shall I drive you home? We can get a drink at Harris's.
Let's not. Your car is too small for me to ride in.
That's a shame. It's a 1967 model Ford with 400 horsepower and genuine leather seats.
Whatever. Im going to go see Bernice.
Ah, of course. She's much more beautiful than this car.
Stop with the smalltalk, already.

She won an excellent match the other day, didn't she?
A spectacular knockout win. She's participating in the southern district's finals.
I see. Well, give her my regards.
Hmm?
KKKK
?
RZY 243


PA!


Guh...
Zzz
Guh
CRRRC
Whoa!
Don't shoot!
It's me.
Ares.
ARES?!

That's hawd to bewieve. What happened?
Something terrible.
I believe it may be a rival casino owner's doing... Um... It's bad news, but Enrico...
This is what remains.
Uncwe Enrico...
Became a set of dentures...
Enrico...
He was an idiot, but ever since I was young, he'd taught me so many things.
PIANO
PIANO

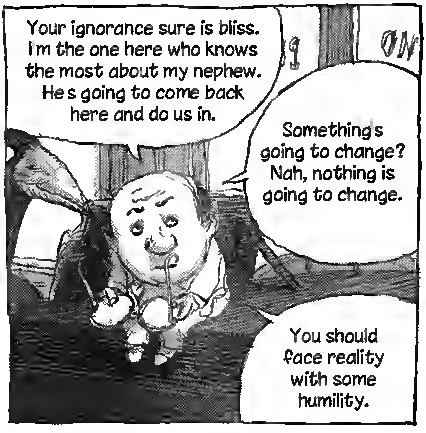
Teaching me how to fish up tadpoles... Looking at magazines with girls in swimsuits on the cover...
Mario, stop being so sentimental.
Well I guess this is your only good point.
Grrr

Don't you think that's too much?
Too much?
What are you saying? It's a good thing.

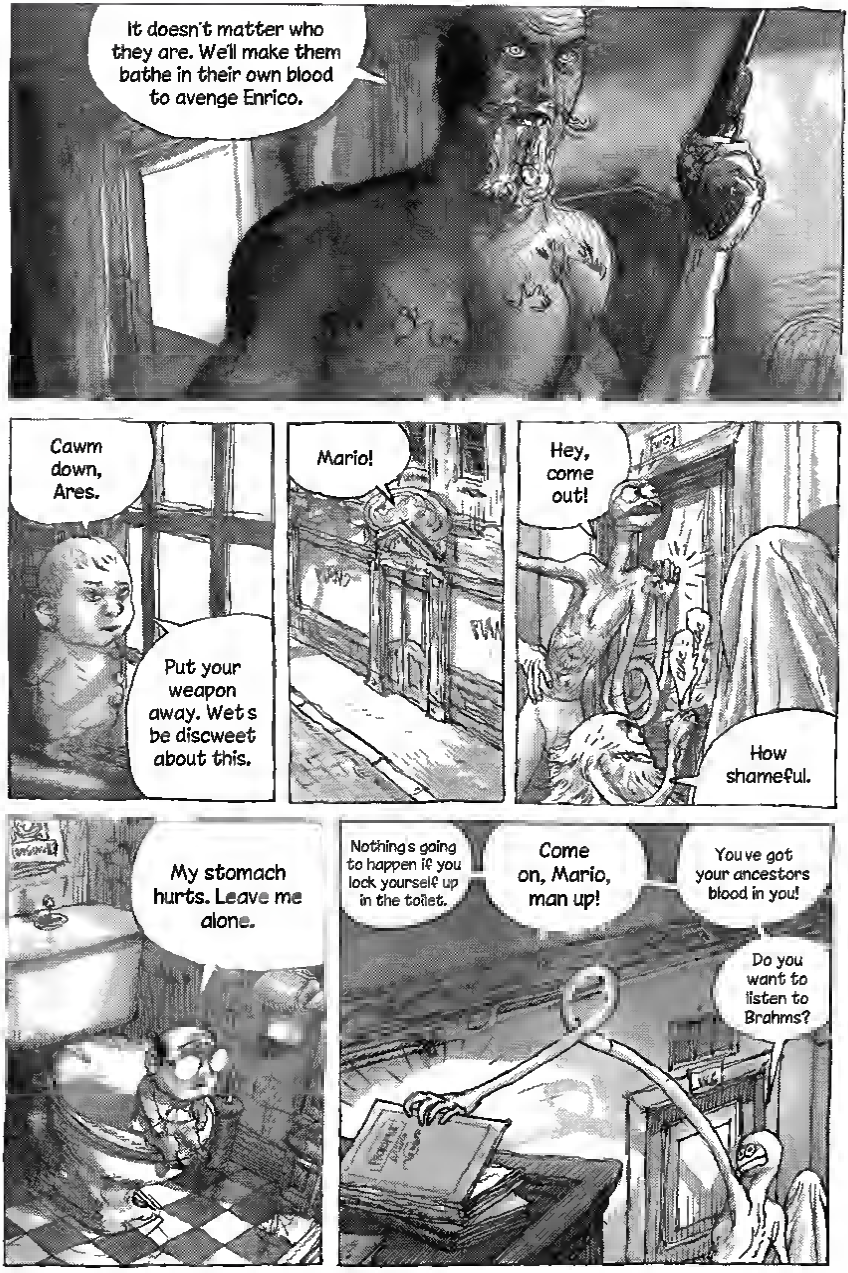
That was great!

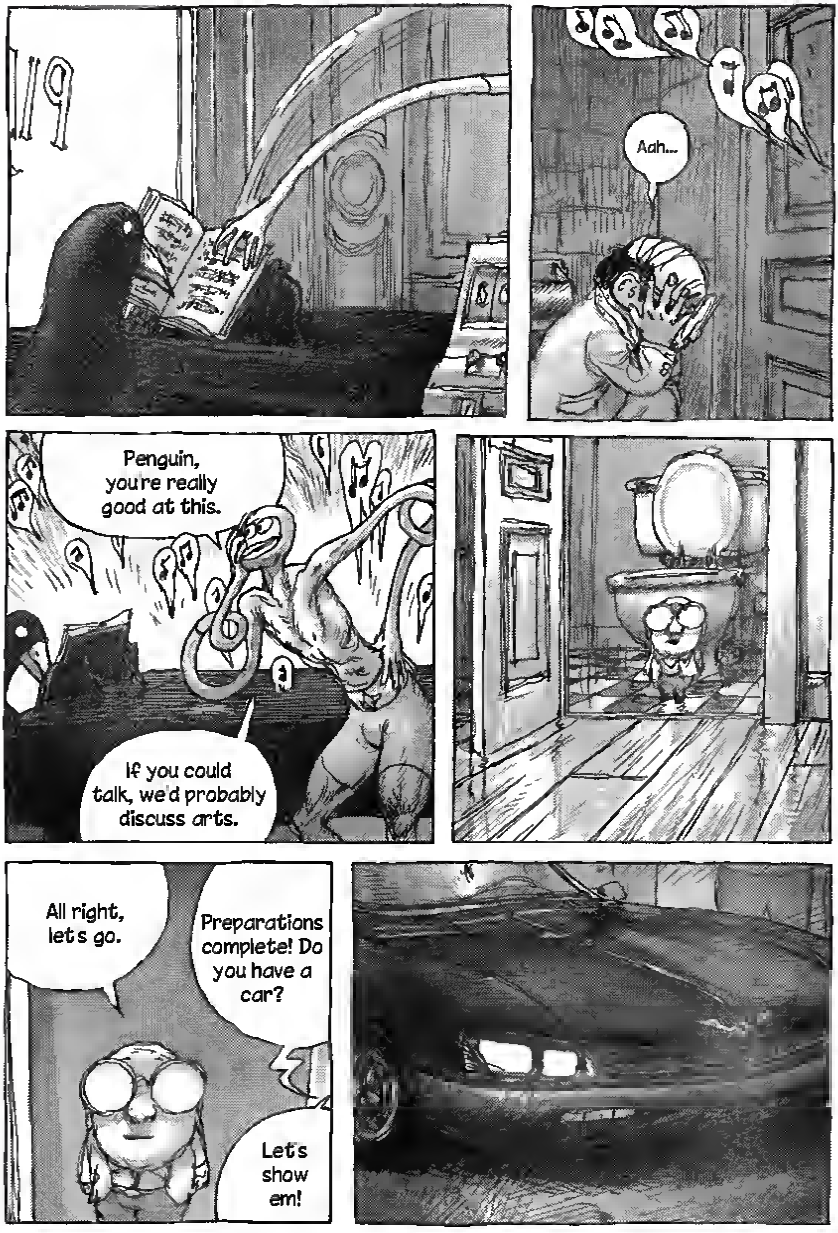
A big success!

Your baby nephew must be shaking in his boots! Let's get those pianos back!
Let's make this town lively again with the rhythm of music!


Your ignorance sure is bliss. I'm the one here who knows the most about my nephew. He's going to come back here and do us in.
Something's going to change? Nah, nothing is going to change.
You should face reality with some humility.

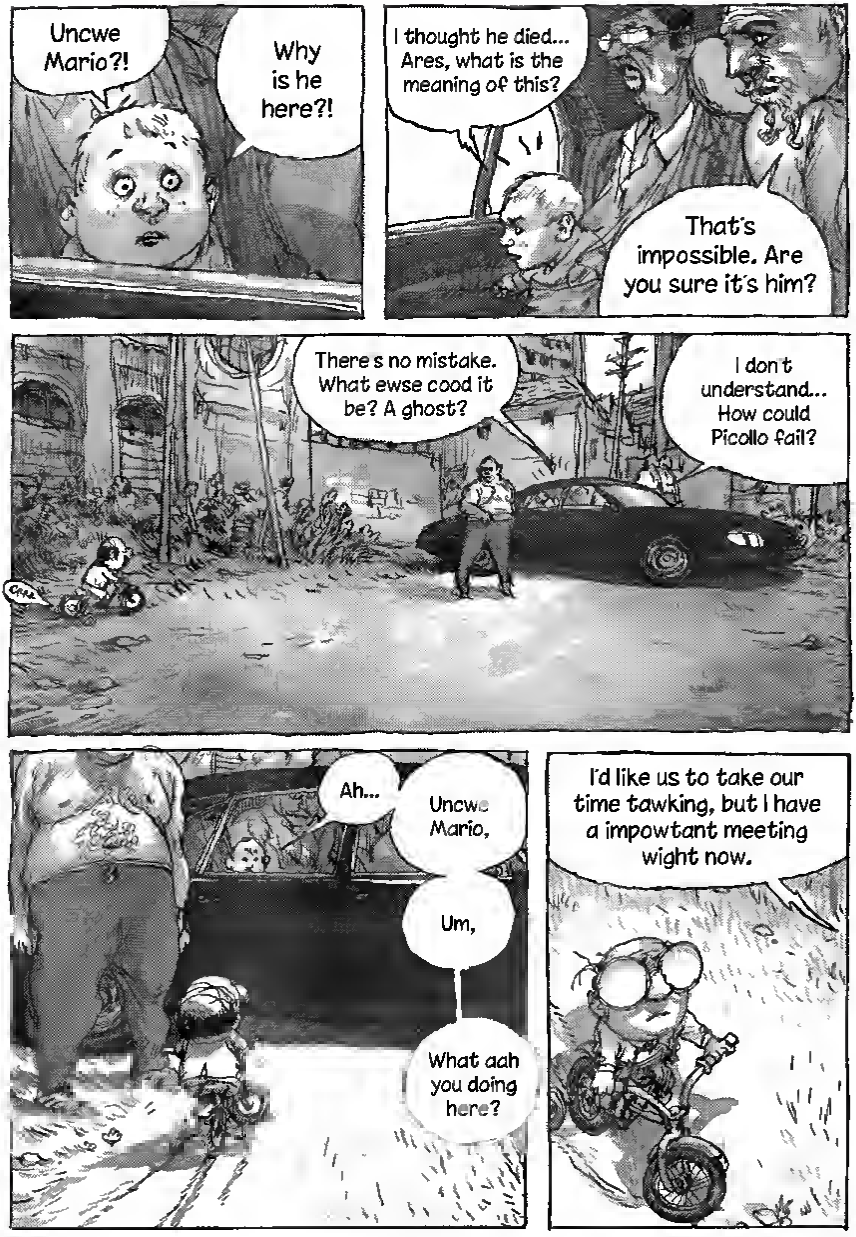
Mario,
This is war.
Your objective is just.
You don't have room to choose.
A call for you.
Yes?
Huh?
Wait!
Who is this? Hewwo? Hewwo?
Hmph.
Dey want to make a deaw.
A deal? Are you kidding? Let's slaughter them.
Ares, cawm down.
Of course it'ww be a swaughter. But first, we must gather some intewwigence. We stiww don't know who our adversawy is.
CLACCLAC
The Cortewwi Famigwia? No, that doesn't seem pwobable. Maybe a gang that's awound here?
The Grimaldieu Famigwia has aweady been disposed of. I can't tink of any more.


It doesn't matter who they are. We'll make them bathe in their own blood to avenge Enrico.
Cawm down, Ares.
Put your weapon away. Wet's be discweet about this.
Mario!
Hey, come out!
How shameful.
My stomach hurts. Leave me alone.
Nothing's going to happen if you lock yourself up in the toilet.
Come on, Mario, man up!
You've got your ancestors blood in you!
Do you want to listen to Brahms?

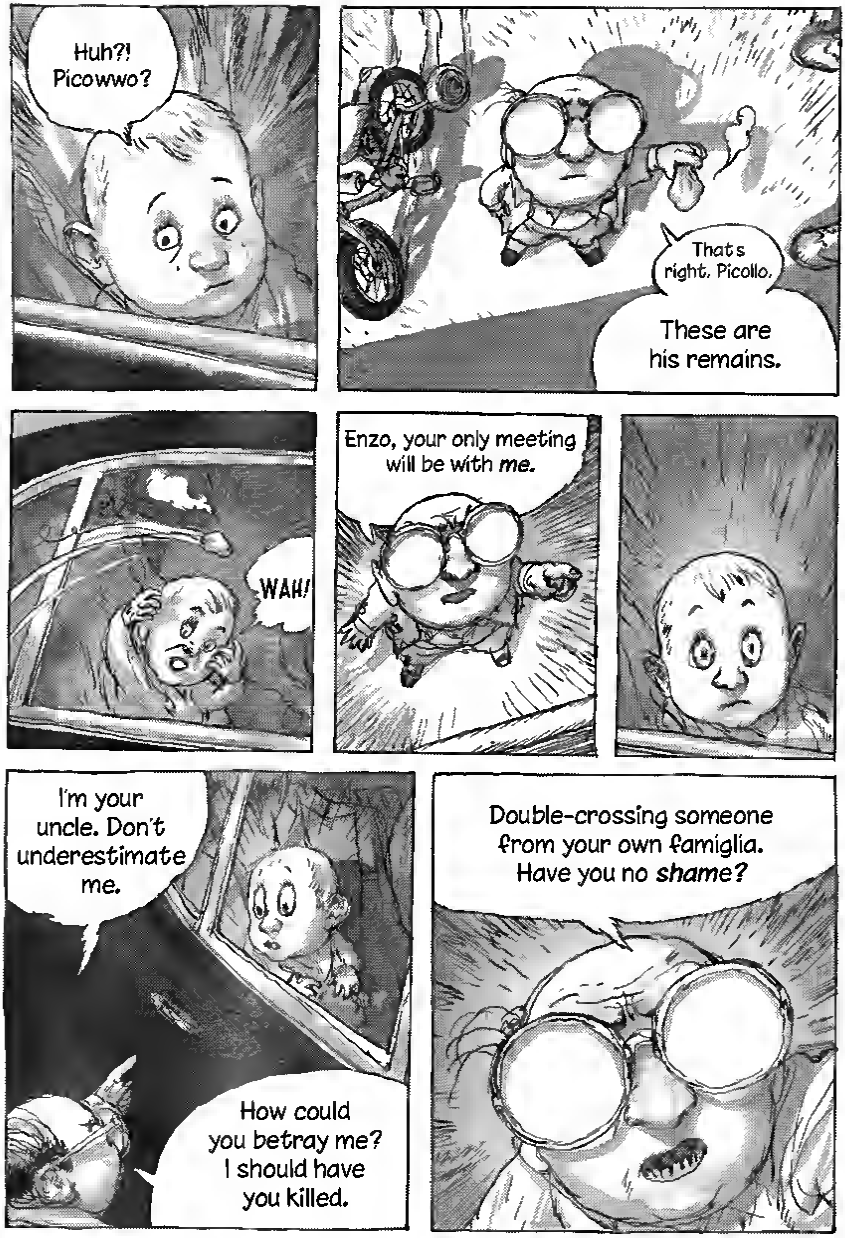

Aah...
Penguin, you're really good at this.
If you could talk, we'd probably discuss arts.
All right, let's go.
Preparations complete! Do you have a car?
Let's show em!

It's past the meeting time.
It's out of habit.
I feew annoyed. My hands aah itching.

I want to see them beg us. I'll beat them up.
Ares, cawm down.
I undahstand how you feew since they were the ones who kiwwed Enrico.
GRR
GRR
GRR
?!
HUH?!


Uncwe Mario?!
Why is he here?!
I thought he died... Ares, what is the meaning of this?
That's impossible. Are you sure it's him?
There's no mistake. What ewse cood it be? A ghost?
I don't understand... How could Picollo fail?
Ah...
Uncwe Mario,
Um,
What aah you doing here?
I'd like us to take our time tawking, but I have a impowtant meeting wight now.

It's dangerous.
So we shood escape quickwy.
What aah you doing? Pwease go back home awready.
Aren't you going to ask me about what happened to the car?
Or the contents of the letter? And the beautiful young woman?
We can take our time tawking about this later.
Ares, do something about this.
Rogem
And what about Picollo?


Huh?! Picowwo?
That's right, Picollo.
These are his remains.
WAH!
Enzo, your only meeting will be with *me.*
I'm your uncle. Don't underestimate me.
How could you betray me? I should have you killed.
Double-crossing someone from your own famiglia. Have you no *shame?*

Imbeciwe!
Who do you think I am?
Uncwe Mario, you have no wewation to me whatsoever.
?
You are not wewated to me by bwood. You aren't my weaw uncwe. I won't wet a traitor wike you remember this!
Boris, get wid of him!
Wah?!

Wowwww!
?!
KIAK

?!
Uagh!
GYAAA
AAAH!

Enzo won't be let off easy! But what did he mean when he said Mario wasn't his "real uncle"?

GYAAAAH!
W... What happened to him?! This isn't normaw!
Escape! We must escape!
VRRRROOOO